

BRAVURA™



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STAR SLAMMERS

4 OF 5

WALTER SIMONSON

Star Slammers®



Star Slammers®

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Our Story So Far...

The Star Slammers, a race of space faring mercenaries, were hired to destroy Sky, a village in the Sporades, one of the outlying planetary systems of the Minoan Empire on the distant Galactic Rim.

The operation met with unexpected resistance and a single Star Slammer, Commander Rojas, was captured by the Empire. Drugged and shackled, Rojas was taken aboard the ancient starship *Meredith*, to be hauled back to the Minoan Capitol of Knossos. Although heavily guarded by Colonel Phaedra and the Space Bulls of Team Nova, Rojas mysteriously escaped from his cell, and in the process, killed an assassin who was trying to kill him!

However, before he can escape from the *Meredith* itself, most of the Space Bulls are slain in a surprise attack by a strike force of Skyes, the very people against whom the Slammers' original attack was directed! The telepathic Skyes, advisors to the Emperor, capture the *Meredith* as their leader, Songbird, seduces and then mind controls the *Meredith*'s Captain. And with his aid, the Skyes change the starship's course to bring it crashing down right into the heart of the Empire!

When Rojas and Colonel Phaedra pool their resources in an effort to stop the Skyes, they and the surviving Bulls are trapped below decks by the Skye's battle armored clonedrones! Our heroes' destruction seems imminent!

And now...

Part Four of the Minoan Agendas—

THE SHIP

the minoan
AGENDAS

chapter
FOUR:

WE'VE
GOT THEM
TRAPPED
IN A DEAD
END!

KILL
THEM!

PAUM!

PAUMMM! PAUM!



WOW!
I THINK
WE'VE WORN
OUT OUR
WELCOME!

KEEP YOUR
HEAD DOWN,
VIDIOT!

WHY
BOTHR?
WE'RE
HISTORY!

ANYTHING
IN YOUR BOOKS
ABOUT THIS,
COMMANDER
ROJAS?

KRUMPFH!



MAYBE NOT, BUT I
ALWAYS HOLD SOMETHING
BACK FOR THE NEXT
VOLUME! TURN YOUR
BOYS AROUND,
COLONEL.

WHAT?

NOW, COLONEL
PHAEORA! WE'RE
ALMOST OUT OF
TIME AND I'M NOT
GIVING AWAY ALL MY
SECRETS!

WHAT
BOOKS?

KALI!
STARK!
BACK OFF!
AND KEEP
VIDIOT
WITH YOU!



GOOD.
NOW, YOU
AND YOUR
BOYS STAY
ON YOUR
TOES!

RRRRR
RRRRR
RROAR!

GEEZUS!
HOW DID HE DO
THAT?

YOU DON'T
WANT TO KNOW,
PRIVATE.

ALL RIGHT,
SOJAR!
TIME TO COME
OUT AND
PLAY!

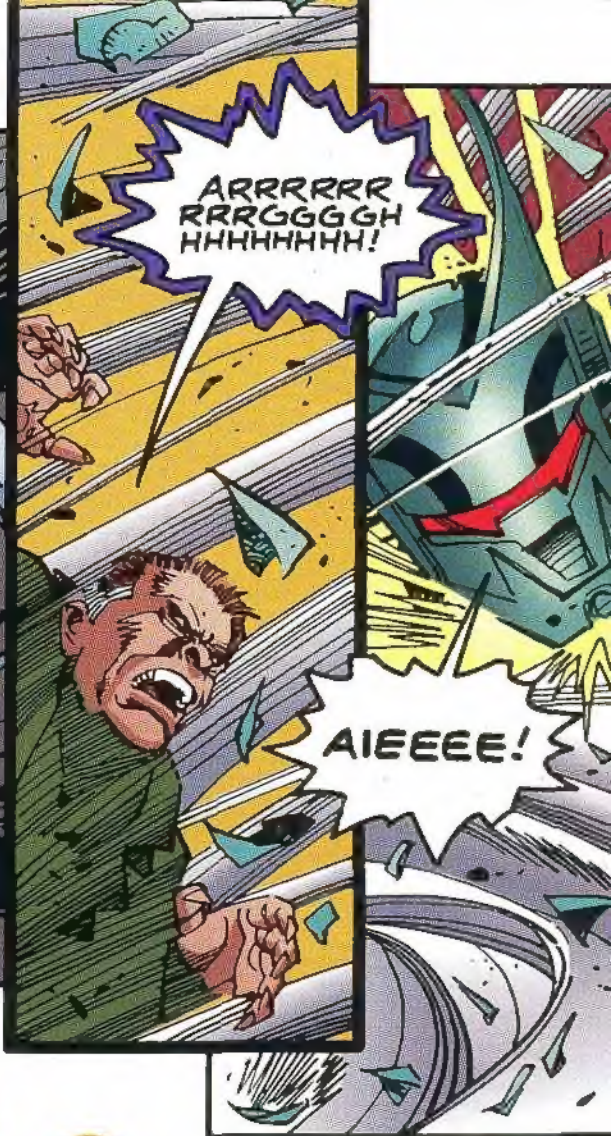




LOOK OUT!

WHAT
THE--?

KILL
IT! KILL
IT!







THAT WAS VERY IMPRESSIVE, PRIVATE.

COMMANDER ROJAS... SIR! HOW THE HECK DID YOU DO THAT?

TRADE SECRET, SERGEANT KALI. JUST THINK OF IT AS MY DANGEROUS HALF.

THEN... COLONEL PHAEDRA WAS RIGHT?

THE GOOD COLONEL WAS DISCREET ENOUGH NOT TO INQUIRE FURTHER.

COLONEL! ARE YOU...?

I'M... FINE, PRIVATE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DID YOU DISOBEY ORDERS?

NOSSIR! THE KIO WAS WITH ME THE WHOLE TIME.

HEY, DID YOU SEE THE DEAD GUY IN THE GOLD ARMOR? DEFINITELY A SKY!

YEAH. THE REST OF 'EM ARE JUST STANDARD CLONE-DRONES. SEVENTH APPROXIMATION. LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.

WE HAVE TO REACH THE AUXILIARY COM CENTER. THERE'S JUST A CHANCE THE SKYES HAVEN'T DESTROYED IT.

THE EMPEROR MUST BE WARNED!



I'LL TAKE ROJAS AND LEVEL 19.

YOU BOYS TAKE VIDIOT AND LEVEL 24.

THAT SHOULD DOUBLE OUR CHANCES. WE CAN'T MATCH THEM FOR POWER. WE'VE GOT TO RELY ON STEALTH.

BUT SIR...?

I'LL BE FINE, PRIVATE STARK.

GET GOING!

SQUAD FIVE HAS REACHED THE CUL-DE-SAC. OUR GUYS ARE DEAD. TARGETS HAVE ESCAPED.

CURSE THE FOOLS!

CAN WE STEP UP THE TIMETABLE? SHIFT TO WARP DRIVE?

THIS TUB IS TOO OLD AND THE SOFTWARE'S STONE-AGE NAVIGATION COULDN'T GUARANTEE HITTING THE TARGET AT FASTER-THAN-LIGHT SPEED.

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?

THERE'RE ONLY A FEW OF 'EM LOOSE!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

DURING THE ATTACK ON SKY, WE CAME UP AGAINST SOME SORT OF MENTAL INTERFERENCE WE'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED BEFORE.

WE COULDN'T CONTAIN OR TOTALLY DEFLECT THE ATTACK AS WE'D ORIGINALLY PLANNED.

AND A FEW HOURS AGO, I FELT THE SAME SORT OF INTERFERENCE HERE FOR A MOMENT.

IT HAS TO BE THE SLAMMER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS, BUT IT WORRIES ME...

...AND THE SOONER WE FINISH HIM, THE BETTER.

THE SAME WITH COLONEL PHAEDRA. SHE'S TOO DANGEROUS.

BUT THINGS ARE GOING WELL, SONGBIRD.

CAPTAIN SALAROO, UNDER THE MENTAL INFLUENCE OF YOUR CYRENE CREATION, IS GUIDING THE MEREDITH BEAUTIFULLY TO ITS RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY.

THAT'S TRUE AND WE STILL HAVE AN ACE-IN-THE-HOLE.

WITH A LITTLE LUCK, OUR DIFFICULTIES WILL SOON BE OVER.

THAT WAS SOME HIT
YOU TOOK BACK THERE
AND NOT A SCRATCH.

SOLITON
ENERGY
SHIELDING
IN THE
HARNES?

THAT'S
RIGHT.

THAT'S
HIGHER-GRADE
TECHNOLOGY
THAN THE MINOAN
EMPIRE USUALLY
FIELDS.

I TRAVEL,
OKAY? I PICK
UP STUFF.

LIKE
BRAIN
BLOCKERS
?

A WISE
CHOICE. BUT THAT'S
NOT REALLY THE
MOST INTERESTING
THING ABOUT YOU.

YEAH?

THE SKYES
OBVIOUSLY
CAN'T
ACCESS
YOU.

YOU'RE
A GENETRIX,
AREN'T YOU?

TROMP!TROMP!

TROMPP!TROMP!TA

BLAST IT!
NOTHING!

THIS
CORRIDOR'S A
MAJOR NEXUS
I WAS CERTAIN
THEY'D COME
THROUGH HERE.

LIEUTENANT,
SEND A SQUAD
BACK TO THE
LAST INTER-
SECTION.

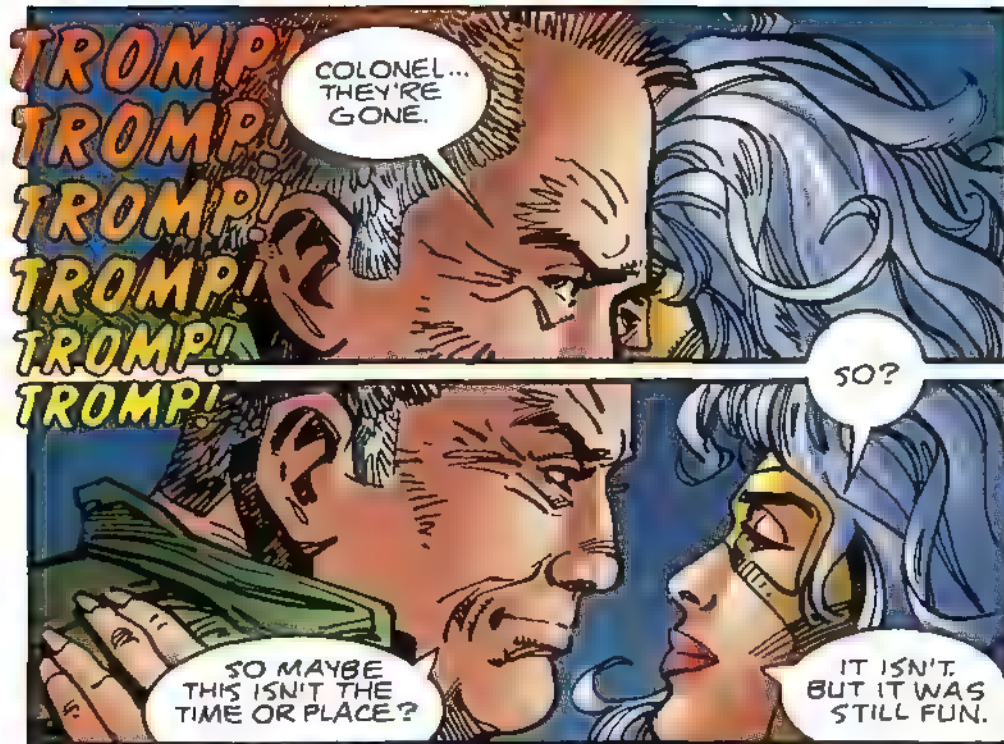
THEY'RE TO KILL
ANYONE OR
ANYTHING
THAT DOESN'T
HAVE PROPER
AUTHORIZATION.

YESSIR!
YOU FOUR!
FALL OUT!
MOVE IT!

TROMP! TROMP! TROMP! TROMP!

DIVIDE THE
REMAINDER OF
THE COMPANY IN
HALF. YOUR
SECTION TO
FOLLOW THE
RIGHT
CORRIDOR. MINE
TO FOLLOW THE
LEFT!

YESSIR!
ON THE
DOUBLE!
LET'S
GO!

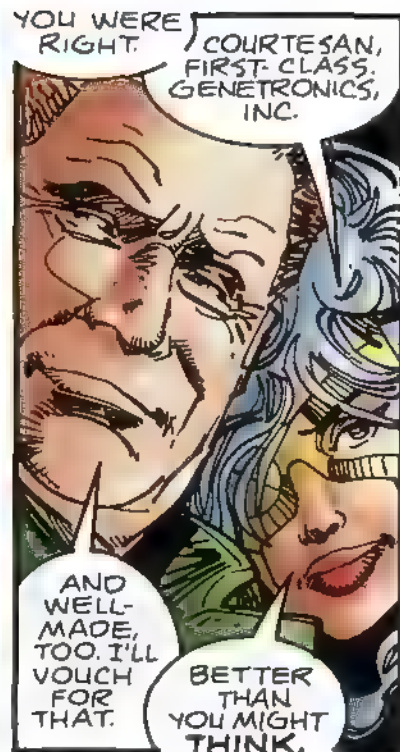


COLONEL...
THEY'RE
GONE.

SO?

SO MAYBE
THIS ISN'T THE
TIME OR PLACE?

IT ISN'T,
BUT IT WAS
STILL FUN.

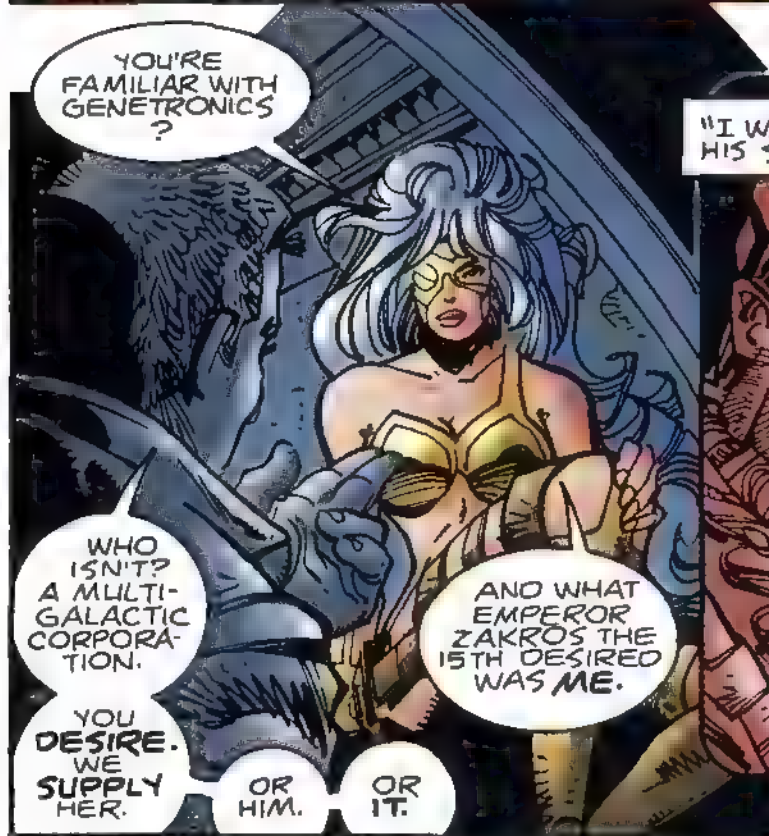


YOU WERE
RIGHT.

COURTESAN,
FIRST-CLASS.
GENETRONICS,
INC.

AND
WELL-
MADE,
TOO. I'LL
VOUCH
FOR THAT.

BETTER
THAN
YOU MIGHT
THINK.



YOU'RE
FAMILIAR WITH
GENETRONICS
?

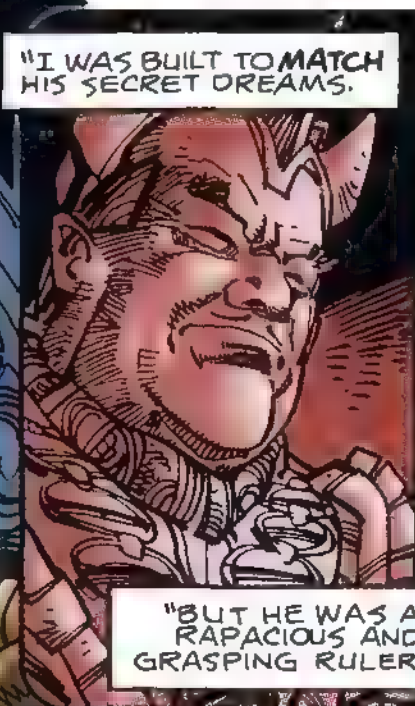
WHO
ISN'T?
A MULTI-
GALACTIC
CORPORATION.

YOU
DESIRE.
WE
SUPPLY
HER.

OR
HIM.

OR
IT.

AND WHAT
EMPEROR
ZAKROS THE
15TH DESIRED
WAS ME.

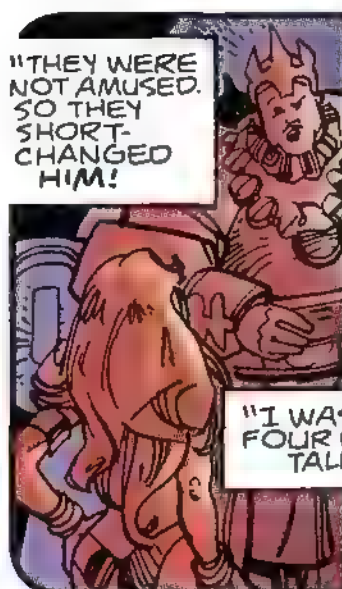


"I WAS BUILT TO MATCH
HIS SECRET DREAMS.

"BUT HE WAS A
RAPACIOUS AND
GRASPING RULER.



"AND HIS COUN-
CILORS PERSUADED
HIM TO SHORT-
CHANGE GENE-
TRONICS.



"THEY WERE
NOT AMUSED.
SO THEY
SHORT-
CHANGED
HIM!

"I WAS ONLY
FOUR FEET
TALL.



"THE EMPEROR
WAS OUT-
RAGED.

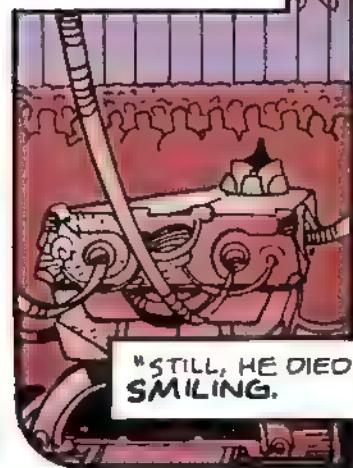


"BUT I WAS
ABLE TO
CHANGE HIS
MIND.



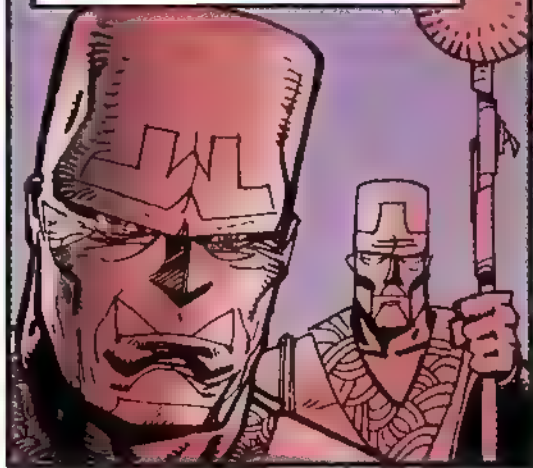
"FOR A
LITTLE
WHILE.

"IT WAS A STATE FUNERAL. COURTESANS WEREN'T INVITED.



"STILL, HE DIED SMILING.

"AND, WITHIN 24 HOURS, HIS GOOD COUNCILORS...THE SKYES...HAD INSTALLED HIS NEPHEW AS EMPEROR.

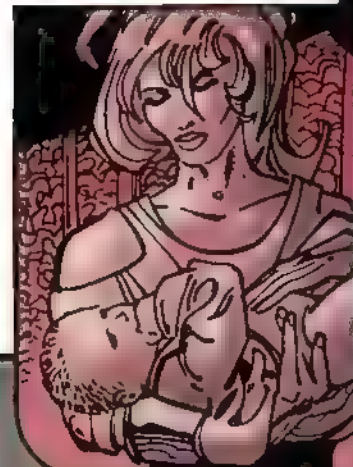


"A NON-TELEPATH. A DEAD-HEAD! AND THEREBY CONSOLIDATED THEIR HOLD ON THE EMPIRE!



"FOR FUN, THEY MADE ME THE ROYAL NANNY.

"WHAT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT GENE-TRONICS HAD ALREADY ENJOYED A GOOD LAUGH.



"I WAS MADE TOUGHER THAN ANY STANDARD COURTESAN MODEL.



"MUCH TOUGHER.

"THE SKYES MADE THE IMPERIAL OFFSPRING MY CHARGES. MY CHILDREN!"

AND I SWORE I WOULD HELP THEM.



UHH... JUST HOW LONG AGO WAS THIS?

TWO HUNDRED YEARS. I HAVEN'T AGED MUCH.

NO KIDDING, BUT I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER.

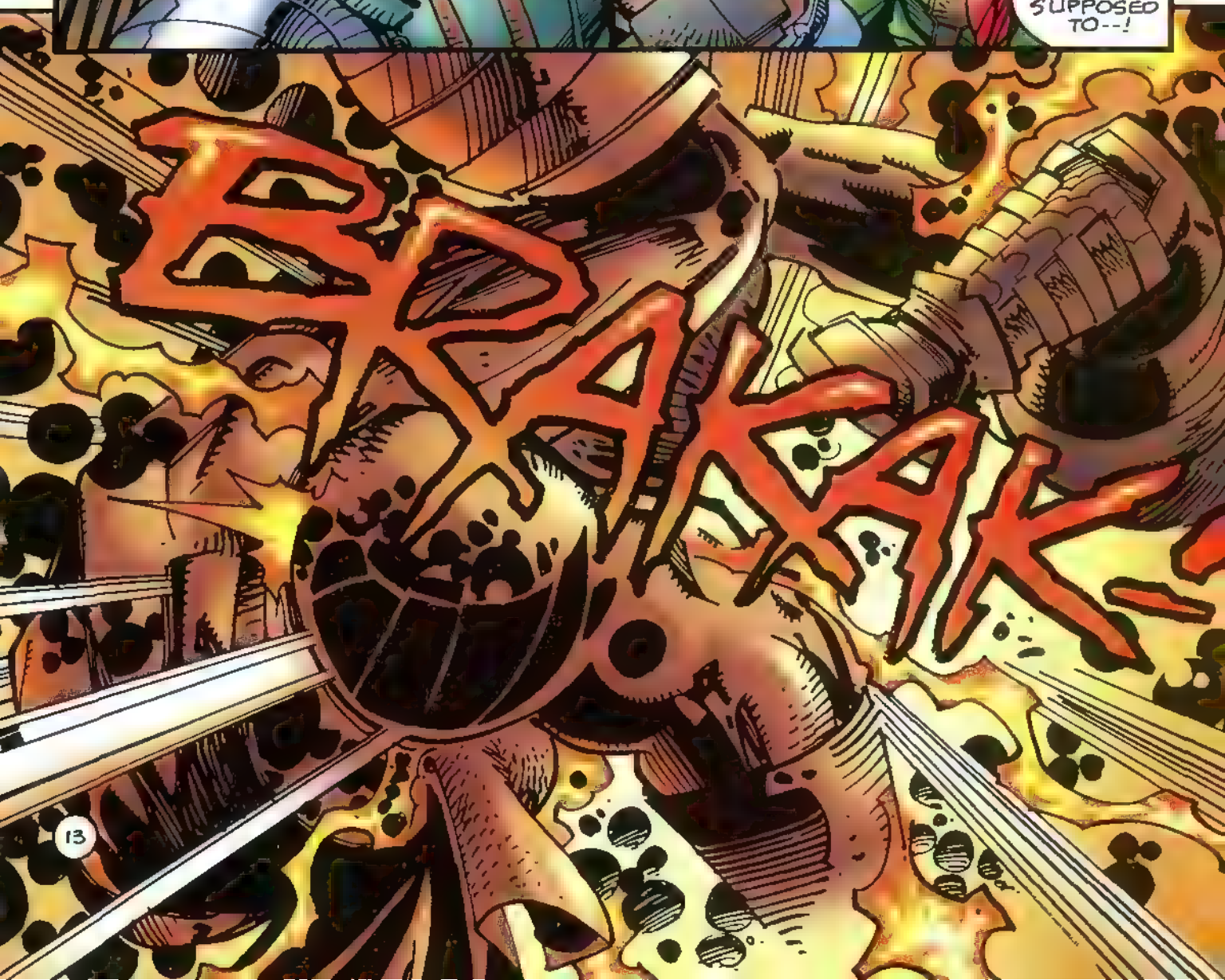
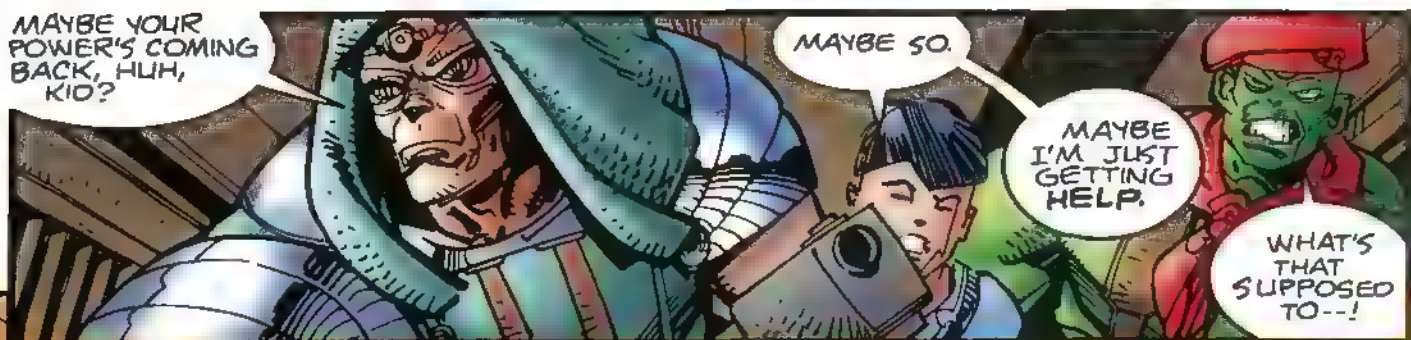


THESE MAINTENANCE TUNNELS WILL TAKE US TO THE AUXILIARY COMMAND CENTER.

LET'S GO.

YOU KNOW THAT WHAT HAPPENED HERE WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IF I HAVE TO TAKE YOU IN.

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED, YOU'RE MY KIND OF WOMAN.



HOW CAN YOU
NAVIGATE
THROUGH THESE
TUNNELS?

I'VE SAILED
THE MEREDITH
A HUNDRED
TIMES AND
I COULDN'T
DO IT!

ANOTHER TRADE
SECRET... BESIDES, THE
REAL QUESTION IS...
WHY DO YOU WEAR
THAT OUTFIT?

EVERYBODY
ASKS THAT.
SIMPLE.

IT'S FUN, IT'S LOW
MAINTENANCE, IT
TENDS TO **FREEZE**
THE OPPOSITION
IN MOMENTS OF
SURPRISE...

...AND IT
PISSES OFF
ALL THE RIGHT
PEOPLE. ANY-
THING
ELSE?

NOPE
I **KNEW**
YOU WERE
MY KIND OF
WOMAN!

BUT KEEP
YOUR VOICE
DOWN.



THESE
GUYS ARE A
LITTLE TOO
THOROUGH.

NOT
REALLY.
THEY SHOULD
HAVE POSTED
MORE GUARDS
ONE ISN'T
ENOUGH.

MY BLADE IS
TOO BIG TO
GET THROUGH
THE WIRE MESH
AND A GUN'S
TOO LOUD.

NO
PROBLEM.

MY
ANCESTORS
USED SLINGS
WITH DEADLY
EFFECT.

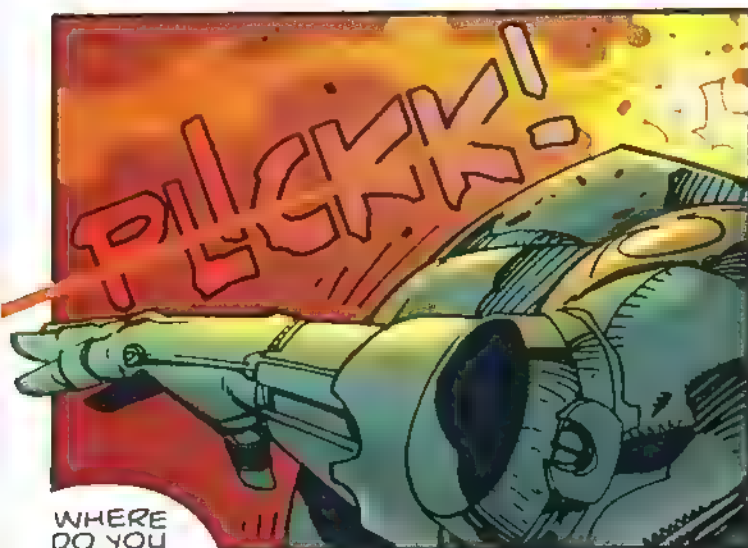
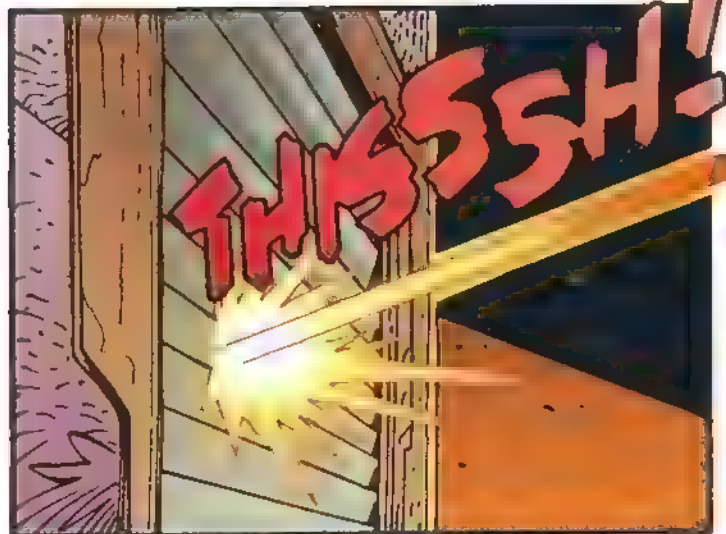
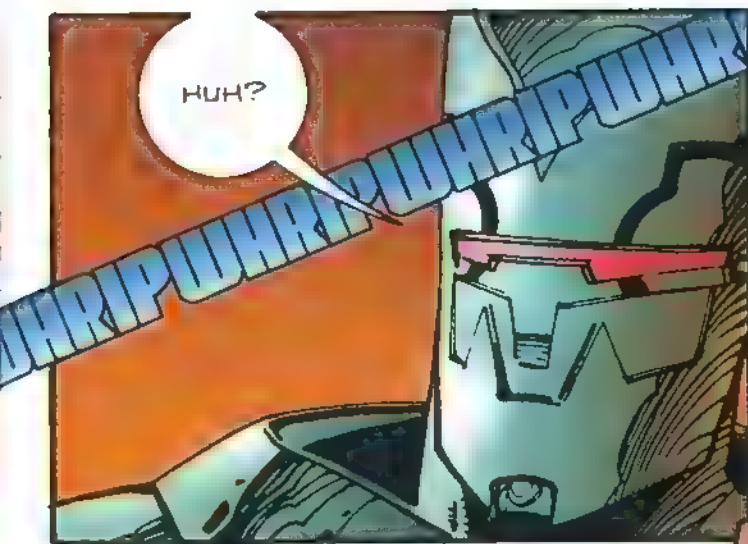


THEY
CALLED THEM
SLAMMERS.

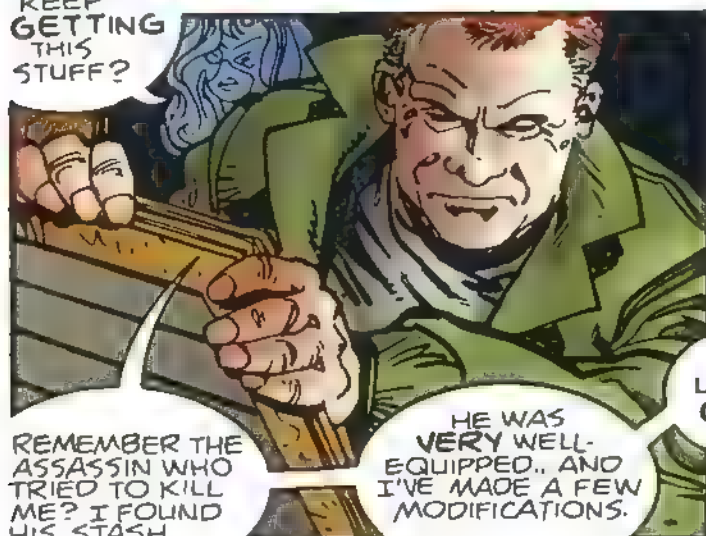
THEY
MUST
HAVE LIKED
THE NAME.

WE'RE
THERE...

...AND
WE'RE
NOT
ALONE.

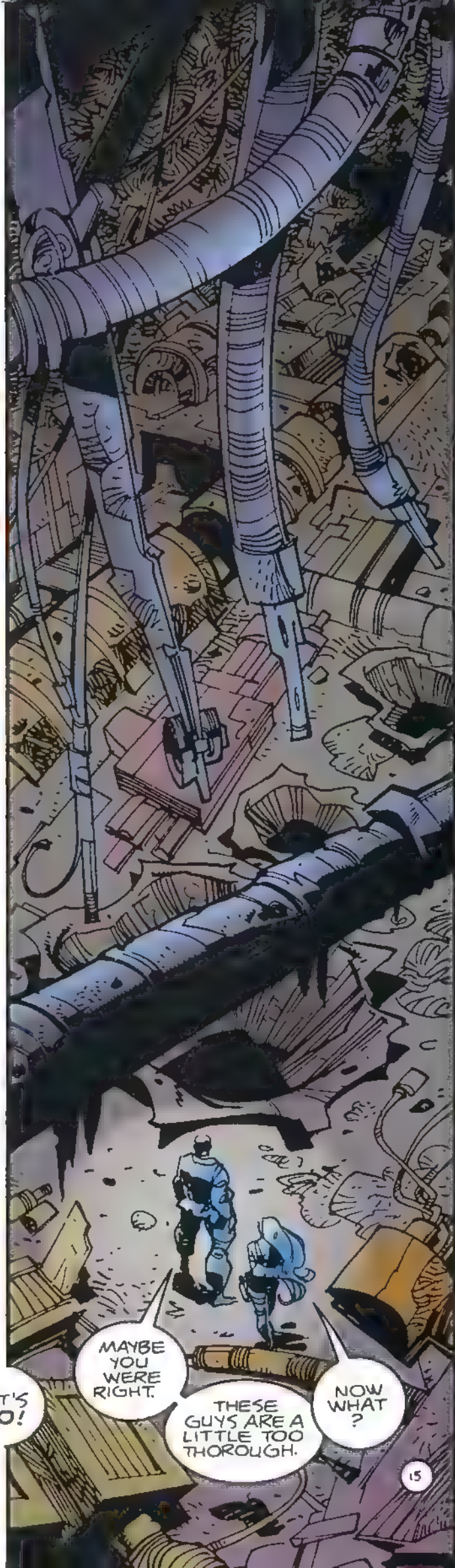


WHERE
DO YOU
KEEP
GETTING
THIS
STUFF?

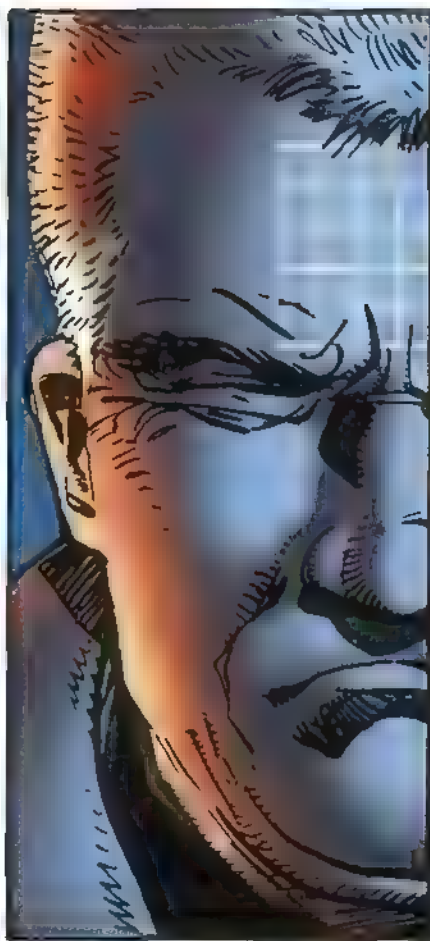


HE WAS
VERY WELL-
EQUIPPED.. AND
I'VE MADE A FEW
MODIFICATIONS.

LET'S
GO!



GIVE ME A MINUTE. I NEED TO TRY SOMETHING AGAIN.



damn!

NO GOOD!

TOO FAR!

TOO MUCH TELEPATHIC INTERFERENCE.

OR MAYBE I STILL HAVEN'T FULLY RECOVERED FROM THE DRUGS YOUR PEOPLE GAVE ME.

NOT EXACTLY.

WHAT WAS THAT? TELEPATHY?

MIND LINKAGE? NO WONDER SLAMMERS ARE SO HARD TO BEAT.

DON'T GUESS TOO MUCH, COLONEL. BUT WE ARE STUCK NOW.

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE BRIDGE. NOT EASY WITH JUST THE TWO OF US, A COUPLE OF YOUR BULLS AND A DEADHEAD TELEPATH.

WELL, DON'T TELL ANYONE I TOLD YOU, BUT...

...YOUR ARMOR IS ON BOARD.

16



WHAT?

I KNOW I SAID
IT WAS BEING SENT
BY ANOTHER SHIP.
I LIED.

WE DON'T
HAVE THAT MANY
SHIPS OUT HERE
ON THE
GALACTIC
RIM.

YOUR ARMOR
IS STASHED ON
THE BRIDGE.

NOT EVEN
CAPTAIN SALARDO
KNEW ABOUT IT.

SECURITY
PRECAUTION.

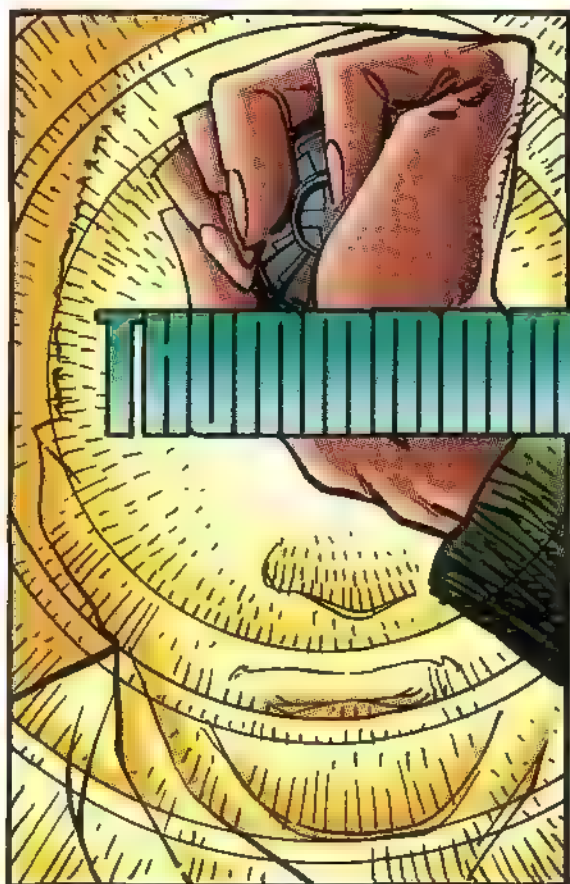
I MUST BE GETTING
OLD. I SHOULD HAVE
THOUGHT OF THAT
MYSELF

BUT HOW ARE WE
GOING TO GET
TO IT?

I GOT
ANOTHER OF
THE ASSASSIN'S
TRICKS
HERE.

HE HAD IT
WITH HIM WHEN HE
TRIED TO KILL ME.

I USED IT
ON HIM TO
BUY SOME
TIME.



BUT HERE'S
THE DEAL,
COLONEL.

IF WE
MAKE IT,
I GET TO
PHONE
HOME
FIRST.

HOW
DO I
LOOK
?

WELL,
YOUR OWN
MOTHER
WOULDN'T
KNOW YOU,
BUT I'M NOT
SO SURE ABOUT
THE SKYES.

"AND I'LL THINK ABOUT THE PHONE CALL"

ANOTHER BURST OF INTERFERENCE! IT HAS TO BE--

AH, AWAKE ALREADY, PRIVATE STARK? YOU HAVE STAMINA. GOOD. YOU'LL NEED IT.

IDIOT! YOU SCUM! YOU TRAITOR!

HE CAN'T HEAR YOU. AND BETRAYING YOU WASN'T HIS IDEA, PRIVATE. IT WAS MINE.

PITY YOU DIDN'T HAVE MORE OF THOSE CLEVER LITTLE DEVICES. BUT USUALLY, ONLY ROYALTY HAS ACCESS TO BRAINBLOCKERS

WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

WRONG ANSWER.

YOU COWARD!

***BREAK!**

GO TO HELL!

ACTUALLY, I'D BE DOING THIS ANYWAY.

I USED THE SHOCK OF IDIOT'S NECROTELEPATHY TO ACCESS HIM AND BLOCK HIS ABILITIES TEMPORARILY.

I NUDGED HIM INTO TESTING THE VARIOUS PATRONS AT THE BAR IN THE HOPES OF GETTING THE SLAMMER KILLED.

ALL WITHOUT HIS KNOWING IT, OF COURSE.

BUT RENSSELAER'S VERY STRONG.

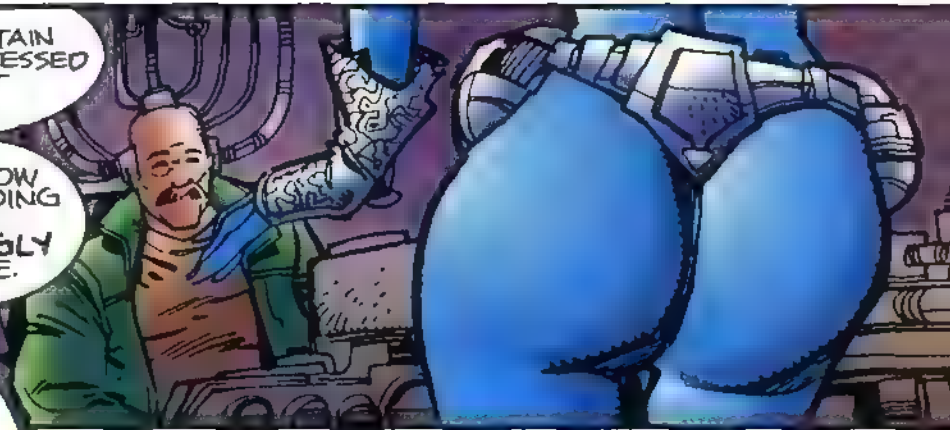
HE'D HAVE RECOVERED EVENTUALLY.

HE'LL STILL RECOVER, BUT ONLY AFTER I'VE REWIRED HIS BRAIN THEN HE'LL BE MINE.



JUST LIKE CAPTAIN SALARDO. I ACCESSED HIS DEEPEST DESIRES...

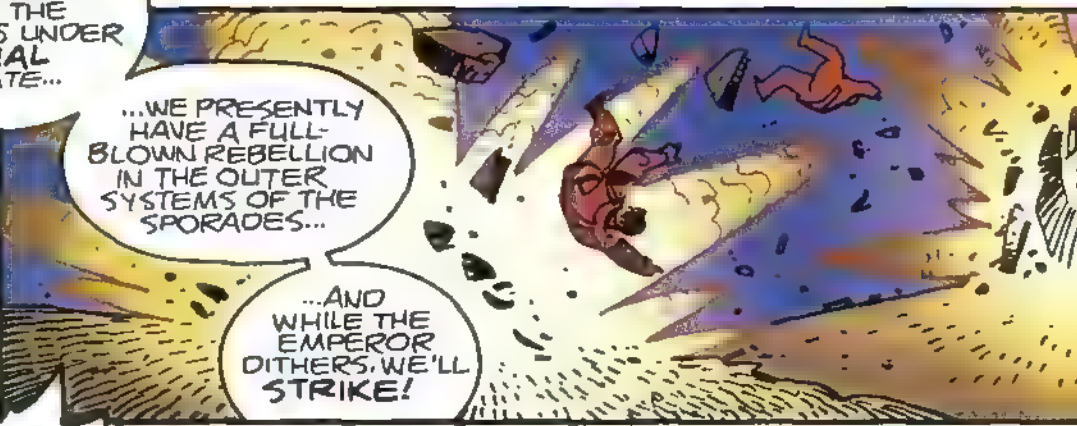
...AND NOW HE'S GOING TO DIE WILLINGLY FOR ME.



THANKS TO THE PRESUMED DESTRUCTION OF SKY BY THE SLAMMERS UNDER IMPERIAL MANDATE...

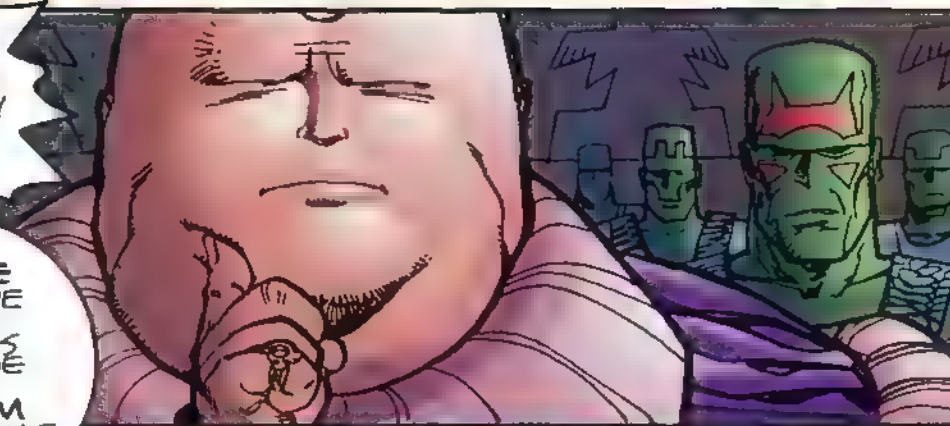
...WE PRESENTLY HAVE A FULL-BLOWN REBELLION IN THE OUTER SYSTEMS OF THE SPORADES...

...AND WHILE THE EMPEROR DITHERS, WE'LL STRIKE!



THE SKYES HIRED THE SLAMMERS! IT WAS A SET-UP!

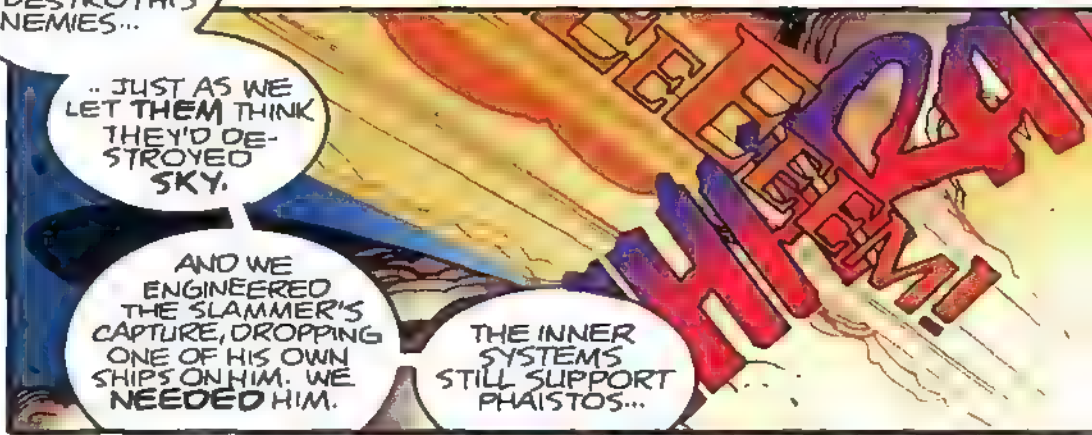
OF COURSE IT WAS. WE LET THE SLAMMERS BELIEVE THE EMPEROR HIRED THEM TO DESTROY HIS ENEMIES...



...JUST AS WE LET THEM THINK THEY'D DESTROYED SKY.

AND WE ENGINEERED THE SLAMMER'S CAPTURE, DROPPING ONE OF HIS OWN SHIPS ON HIM. WE NEEDED HIM.

THE INNER SYSTEMS STILL SUPPORT PHAISTOS...

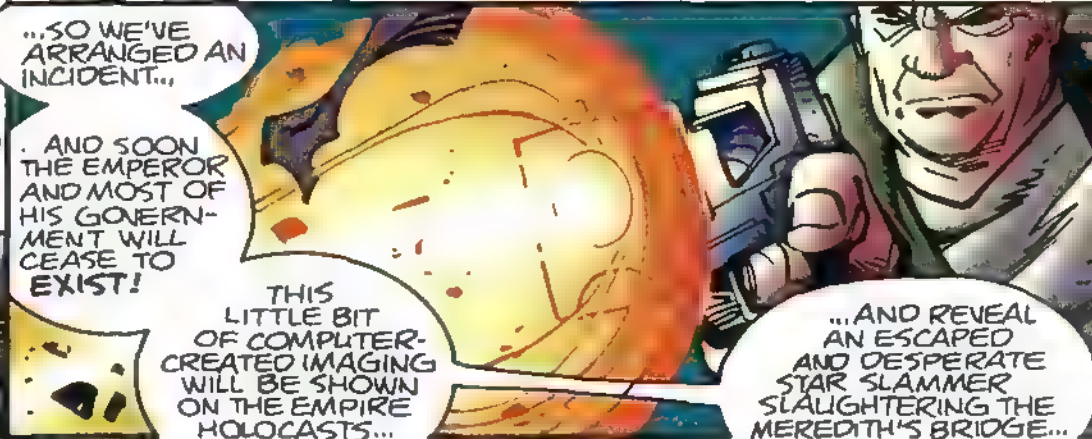


...SO WE'VE ARRANGED AN INCIDENT...

AND SOON THE EMPEROR AND MOST OF HIS GOVERNMENT WILL CEASE TO EXIST!

THIS LITTLE BIT OF COMPUTER-CREATED IMAGING WILL BE SHOWN ON THE EMPIRE HOLOCASTS...

...AND REVEAL AN ESCAPED AND DESPERATE STAR SLAMMER SLAUGHTERING THE MEREDITH'S BRIDGE...





..AND TAKING
OVER THE
SHIP..

...ONLY TO LOSE
CONTROL AND
BRING IT DOWN ON
TOP OF
KNOSSOS...

...DESTROYING
THE EMPEROR
AND MOST OF HIS
GOVERNMENT.

PITY.

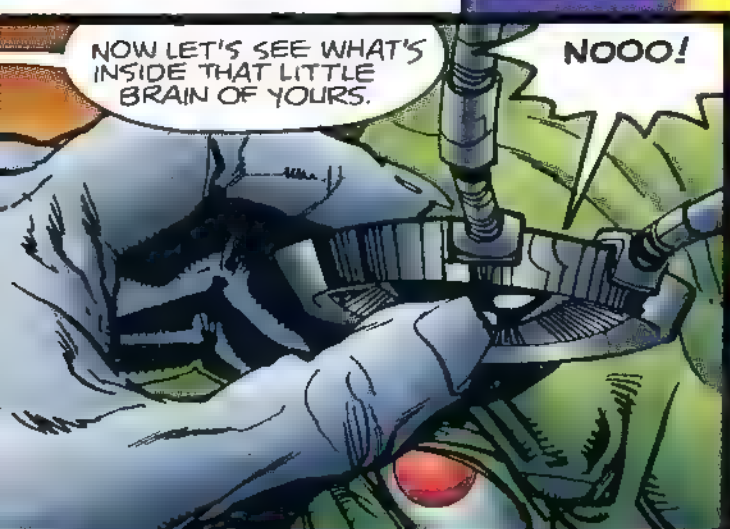
FORTUNATELY WE
SKYES, THE EMPEROR'S
MOST TRUSTED
COUNCILLORS, WILL
STEP IN TO FILL
THE VOID.



WITH
A SLAMMER TO
BLAME AND THE
BACKING OF THE
SPORADES, THE COUP
WILL BE COMPLETE...

...AND THE
GOVERNMENT
WILL BE OURS!

WE MAY
EVEN SUE THE
SLAMMERS FOR
NEGLIGENCE.

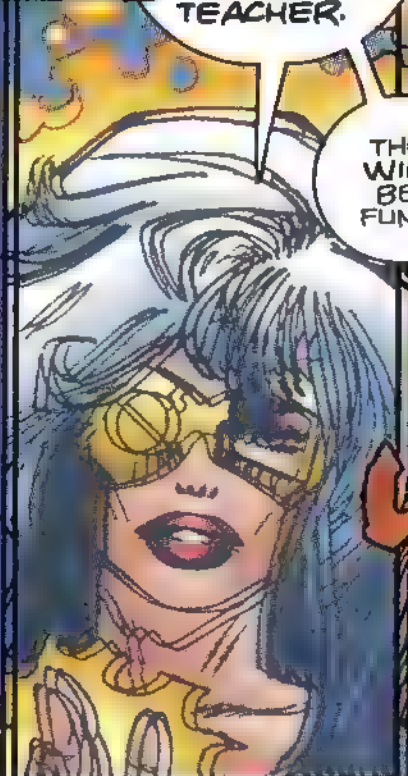


NOW LET'S SEE WHAT'S
INSIDE THAT LITTLE
BRAIN OF YOURS.

NOOO!

WHO
WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT SUCH
A BIG, BAD
SPACE BULL
WOULD HAVE
HAD A CRUSH
ON THE
TEACHER.

WHY
PRIVATE
STARK, FOR
SHAME.



THIS
WILL
BE
FUN.

WRECK

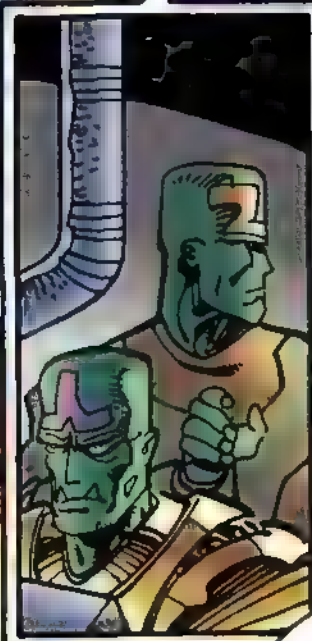
THOSE BRAIN BLOCKERS HAVE CERTAINLY BEEN TROUBLESOME. THE EMPEROR IS NO LONGER CONTENT TO BE A MERE FIGURE-HEAD...

...BUT HE HAS DECIDED TO MOVE AGAINST US, HIS MOST TRUSTED COUNCILLORS.

ALREADY, HE AND HIS INNER CIRCLE OF DEAD-HEADS WEAR THE BLOCKERS CONSTANTLY AND WE ARE NO LONGER PRIVY TO THEIR SECRET THOUGHTS.

HE'S BEEN MOVING TO ASSERT IMPERIAL CONTROL OVER BOTH THE TREASURY AND ARMED FORCES.

WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE BUT TO ELIMINATE HIM... AND THOSE WHO SUPPORT HIM.



SNAP!

SNAP!

SNAP!

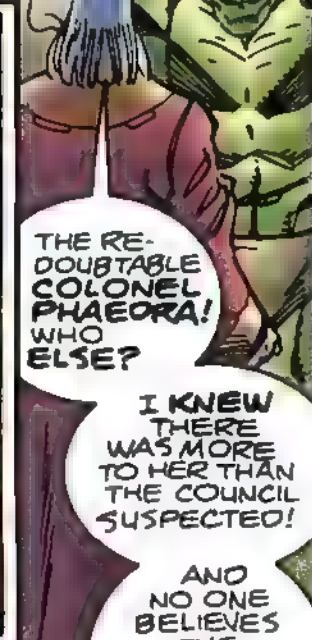
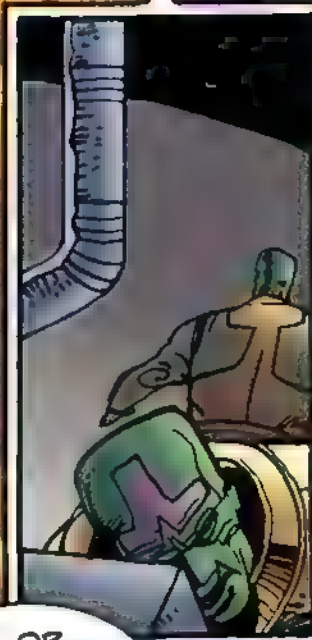
WHERE DID YOU SAY YOUR BRAIN BLOCKERS CAME FROM?

GO... TO...

SNAP EEEEE SNAP!

SNAP!

IT WAS ALL SO SIMPLE.



SOME SUBVERTED CLONEDRONES, A LITTLE FOMENTED REBELLION...

...AND IN THE END...

...YOU WILL TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.

OR PERHAPS YOU ALREADY HAVE? OF COURSE!

THE RE-DOUBTABLE COLONEL PHAEORA! WHO ELSE?

I KNEW THERE WAS MORE TO HER THAN THE COUNCIL SUSPECTED!

AND NO ONE BELIEVES THE RAMBLINGS OF AN OLD WOMAN.



WE'LL HAVE TO EXAMINE COLONEL PHAEDRA MORE CLOSELY WHEN SHE BECOMES AVAILABLE.

BUT IN THE MEANTIME, I THINK YOU'RE JUST ABOUT READY FOR REWIRING.

I'LL... UHHHHH... I'LL...!

THERE, THERE. I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU. PERHAPS I'LL REWIRE THE COLONEL JUST FOR YOU...

...TO BE YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE FOREVER AND EVER.

AND YOU AND YOUR LARGE SERGEANT WILL BECOME MY PERSONAL BODYGUARDS. QUITE AN HONOR, EH?



CALL ME A SENTIMENTALIST, BUT I'VE ALWAYS LOVED HAPPY ENDINGS.

EH? THAT'S STRANGE. I'M NO LONGER MONITORING THE ENTIRE BRIDGE.

LET ME RECHECK MY ACCESS NUMBERS!

FOUND
IT! RIGHT
WHERE
PHAEORA
SAID--

UH
OH.

HALF THE MEN
DON'T RESPOND!
BUT HOW--
THEY'VE BEEN
TERMINATED!

AND
WHO
IS
THAT
?

SECURITY!
LOOK
ALIVE!

THERE'S AN
UNAUTHORIZED
SKYE ON THE
BRIDGE!

BRING
HIM
DOWN!

THOMP!
KRAWW!
PIERCE!

A comic book panel depicting a chaotic industrial or military setting. In the foreground, a large, complex machine with a prominent yellow and black arm is visible. Several soldiers in yellow and black tactical gear are scattered throughout the scene. One soldier is lying on the ground, surrounded by a pool of red blood, with a speech bubble indicating they are still alive. Other soldiers are standing nearby, some holding weapons. The background shows more industrial structures and a large, metallic, cylindrical object. The overall tone is gritty and action-oriented.

I CAN'T
ACCESS
HIM!

BY THE
BULL'S
HORNS!
THAT'S
NO
SKYE!

IT'S THE
SLAMMER!

UHH
HH!

HE'S STILL
ALIVE!

KILL
HIM!
KILL
HIM
NOW!

NEXT ISSUE:

THE CONTRACT

WHEREIN
ALL OBLIGATIONS
ARE FULFILLED

RUNE

THE SILVER SURFER

APRIL 1995

A Malibu/Marvel Flip Book



ULTRAVERSE

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COMICS BUYER'S GUIDE

1994 FAN AWARDS

What are your favorites in the world of comics? Comics Buyer's Guide, the weekly newspaper devoted to the world of comic books, sponsors these awards to let you, the fan, cast your ballot in determining what the fan favorites are for the year.

RULES & REGULATIONS: Only material with a 1994 cover date can win. Votes for projects that did not have a 1994 publication date will not be counted. This ballot may be copied and passed on to your friends for their votes. Anyone who loves comics can vote - but only vote once. If you vote more than once, ALL your votes will be thrown out. Vote only in the categories you want, and ignore any you don't. **COMICS BUYER'S GUIDE** is not eligible for Category 15. Every voter in the United States will get a free issue of **COMICS BUYER'S GUIDE** with the results (scheduled to be #1130, dated July 14, 1995), unless you already have a current subscription to **CBG**. Votes from other countries will be counted, but we regret that free copies of **CBG** can't be mailed out of the country unless your vote is accompanied by \$3.00 in U.S. funds to cover handling and shipping. The award winners will be announced at the Chicago Comicon, held June 30 - July 2, 1995.

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Name _____ Age _____ Male Female (circle one)

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7. FAVORITE LETTERER _____

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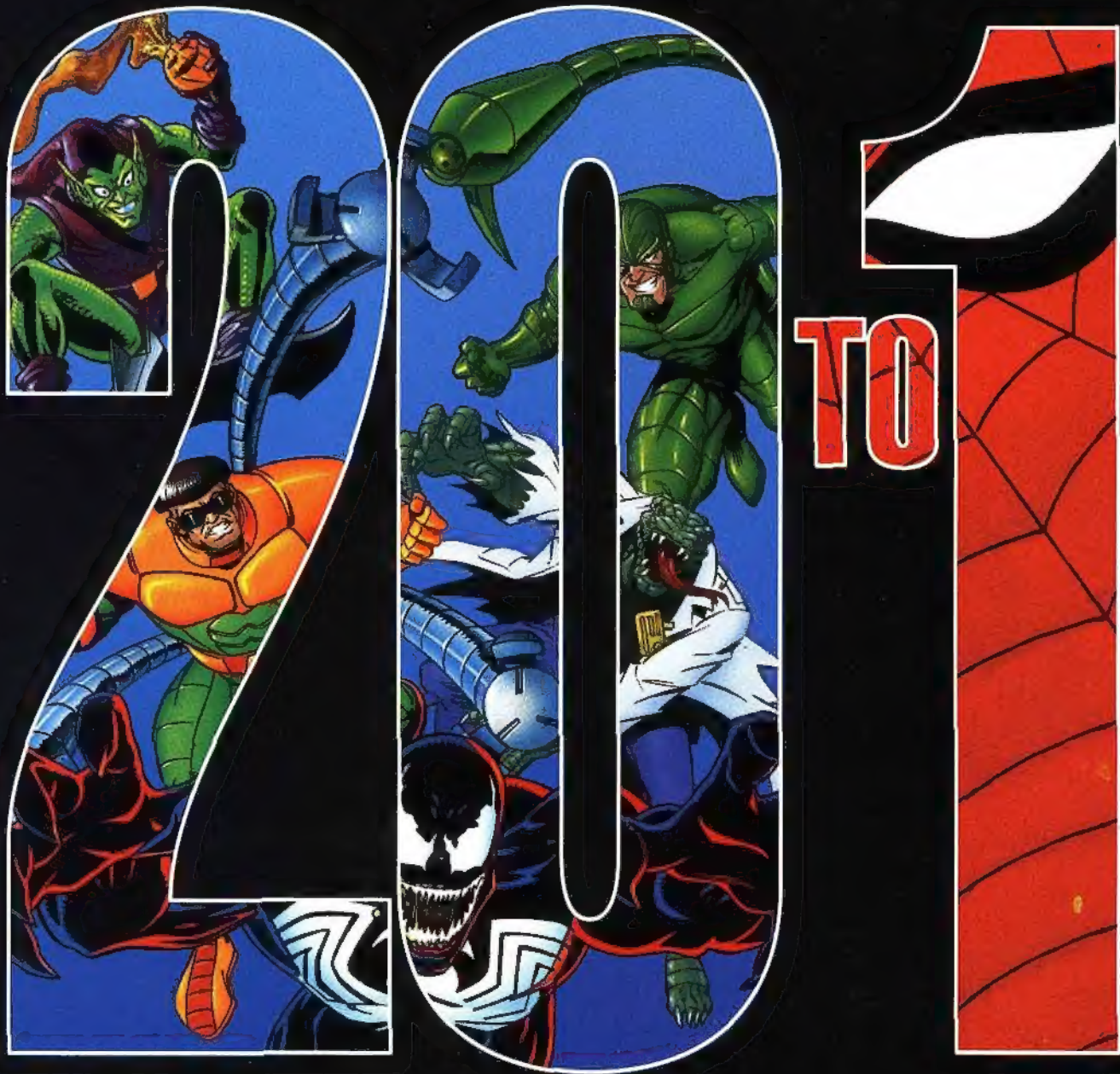
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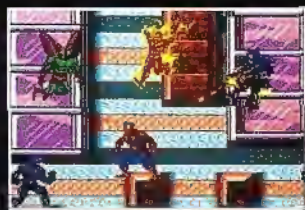
4

TO

THE ODDS ARE AGAINST YOU.



**LEAPING LIZARDS! SPIDEY'S
CLEANING UP THE SEWER.**



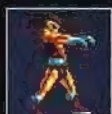
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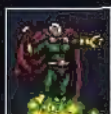
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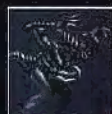
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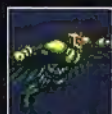
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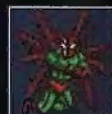
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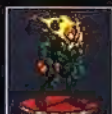
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